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The  
**Register**



**BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL**

VOLUME XXIII.

NUMBER 7



# THE REGISTER

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# Latin School Register

VOLUME XXIII., No. 7

MARCH, 1904

ISSUED MONTHLY

## C O R P U S                      E T                      A N I M U S

ROBERT Errington sat alone in his study pondering over a book recently presented to him by his dear friend, Lord Athelstane, that strange and mysterious person whom few persons liked and fewer understood. He read slowly the title of the book, and rising from his desk strolled thoughtfully across the room to where a friendly-looking arm-chair invited him to sit down. It was an odd sort of room. There was no visible way to get out, unless by the windows, which contained small, yellow panes of glass, spreading a ghastly hue on everything. Pictures and bits of choice statuary were placed in every available spot. A huge mirror hanging opposite the arm-chair in which the man had seated himself made a large panel picture behind him clearly visible. There was a small table in the centre of the room. "Atheistane is a queer fellow. What an idea that there are two distinct parts of the human make-up, the body and the soul, and that it is possible to separate one from the other, making a beast out of one, and a god out of the other! to say that the two parts pulling in opposite directions make a man neither beast nor god but partly both, and that the stronger one will determine on which side a man's character shall lie. My! but that is nonsense!" With such convictions Robert Errington reopened the little book, which he still clasped in his hand, and began to read. Presently his eyelids commenced to droop, and the waning light encouraged him to sleep. In an instant, an indescribable click was heard,

and the panel picture, extending from the floor to the ceiling, swung back admitting a servant in full dress. He crossed to the table, and was about to place a card on the salver, when he noticed Errington in the arm-chair fast asleep. Going noiselessly to his side, and listening a moment, he tapped the sleeper on the shoulder. "Ah! it is you, James, what is it now?" murmured Errington, sleepily, rising slowly to his feet.

"Lord Athelstane wishes to see you in the library, sir," replied the faithful servant.

"So forgetful of me; I was going out with him this evening. Tell him I will join him presently. Stay! What is the weather?"

"Raining, sir."

"You may go now, James."

He hurried to put on his raincoat, which the servant had immediately brought, and, grabbing up his hat, disappeared through the panel, which again closed with a click, and all was as silent as before.

\*                      \*                      \*

The cab was rolling along the pavements, the curtains were drawn, and Lord Athelstane and Robert Errington were talking in lowered tones. "So you disagree with me, as usual, my dear Robert; you always want proofs; well, you shall have them;" and Lord Athelstane smiled kindly at him. He was a strange companion for such a young man; his hair was turning gray, and he seemed to be a man of fifty years, though in truth he was scarcely forty. "Yes," replied Errington, "but tell

me now, where are you taking me on such a beastly night?" "You will see, we are almost there. I may show you something that will be of interest to you, perhaps personally." He spoke in a strange tone, putting marked emphasis on his words. They rode the rest of the way in silence. The cab stopped suddenly and both left the cab. Athelstane whispered a few brief words to the driver, who then started off without a word. Robert glanced around, and saw that he was in the slums of the city; the sidewalk was wet and slippery, and a heavy fog almost concealed the opposite side of the narrow street. Athelstane took hold of his arm, and led him briskly to a door of a near-by house, drew a key from his pocket, and entered cautiously with Errington at his heels. As they walked in silence down a dark, long corridor, a distant noise was heard. Suddenly a dark form sprang from a recess in the wall, and seized Lord Athelstane by the throat. Lord Athelstane wrenched himself away. "Fool," he muttered, and sent the fellow staggering back against the wall. Evidently the man knew Lord Athelstane, and recognized his voice, for with a profuse apology he shambled away into the darkness. A few steps farther on they stopped at a door and listened. There were people within, talking low. Athelstane rapped loudly twice.

They waited; the talking immediately stopped and a rough voice asked, "Who is it?" "A friend," replied Athelstane. Then with a loud clang the bolt was drawn and the door was unlocked. Athelstane entered and Errington tremblingly followed. The room was about sixteen feet square. There were two doors on the side opposite the one from which they had entered. The wall of the room was made of roughly-hewn stones, and reminded one of a tomb; ranged along the walls were shelf-like projections, one above the other. To imagine that these were used for sleeping places was almost impossible, but a hand extend-

ing over the edge of one was evidence that they were so used. The room was dark and musty, and the odor of bad tobacco made it still more unpleasant. In one corner of the room four men were seated around a dingy-looking table wrangling over a rude diagram. The man who had let them in hobbled across to where the men were sitting at the table and slapped one on the back. The fellow started up like a shot, uttering a curse. The doorkeeper only pointed to where Athelstane and Errington stood, and then hurried away. It was several moments before the man was able to see Athelstane, the light of the lamp having blinded his eyes. He motioned to the rest of the men to withdraw. Then turning to Athelstane, and not seeming to be aware of Errington's presence, he said, "Why have you come again? I told you it was useless, and you are not safe an instant while you are here. You must go now, we have a job on, and it is getting late. Why do you bother yourself with me? It's no use."

"Do not say that, Robert, please do not," said Athelstane turning deathly pale.

"Well! you see old pal," began the man unconcernedly, ignoring Athelstane's outburst, "we have located some rich hoodle. We are going to break in and after we are through, why, we'll burn the place." The cold-blooded way of the heartless man made Errington's very flesh creep. "Do not go to such extremities," gasped Athelstane, "if you are caught you know what it means. Think what you are doing."

"Aw, we won't be caught, for the first one that interferes will get it." The man drew a revolver and Errington shrank back in horror. "There are only three of them," he continued, "the mother, the sister, and the boss, and we can soon fix the women folks."

"Who is the man?" asked Athelstane.

"Well," hesitated the man, "his name is Errington, I believe, Robert Errington."



"What! Robert Errington? My best friend," exclaimed Athelstane.

"It is kind of tough," replied the man, "but it can't be helped, friend or no friend."

Then Athelstane, putting on an air of forced easiness, and looking around, said softly, "Well, come with me just for half an hour. I will make it worth your while."

"If you wish it, yes," assented the man. He disappeared through the door. Athelstane turned quickly to Errington, who stood mute and speechless, and said, "I am going to take him to your house. Fear not, dear Robert, all will be well."

The fiendish looking man immediately reappeared, muffled to his throat and wearing a slouch hat. The dwarfish door-keeper let them out, and Errington fairly shuddered as he groped his way along, several feet behind Athelstane and his companion. Reaching the street they entered the cab that was waiting. Errington sat in silence with his knees nearly touching those of the strange man who never once seemed to notice him. The dim light made it possible for Errington to see the man's face. Slowly he traced his hard, coarse features and he felt that they were familiar to him. Where had he seen that face before? He was too dazed to think. At last the cab came to a standstill. They all got out hurriedly and went up the steps. Everything seemed strange to Errington. Athelstane unlocked the door, and all paused at the top of the stairs while he stepped on a loose tile on the floor and caused the panel door to open. The stranger chuckled at the sight of the rich

furnishings, and was about to speak when Lord Athelstane swung around and addressed the two. "My dear friends," he said, "I have now a most trying task to perform." Then speaking directly to Errington for the first time, he said, "You have doubted that there were two parts to the human make-up, the soul and the body, one comprising all that is good in man, as you are now, and the other, is all that acts from animal impulses, as this man here is. Allow me to introduce to you Robert Errington, the selfish, crime-loving, vicious man. The stranger stood for a moment spellbound and then sank back unconscious into the arm-chair. Sir Errington, passing by the mirror caught sight of himself and cried aloud in his agony to Lord Athelstane, "Then I am only a spirit?"

"Yes, you are now, but if you promise to take care of your being, body and soul, and cast out all selfishness from both, I will unite you again in one. Do you promise?"

"Yes, I promise," cried the distressed man.

"And now you believe that there are two parts to humanity?"

"Yes, yes," cried Errington, and he threw himself at the knees of the prostrate form in the arm-chair. "Good-by," said Lord Athelstane sadly, and he slowly went out. Errington's sobs alone were heard, and they at last were hushed and again all was still.

"Why, Robert," said a laughing young girl, "mamma and Lord Athelstane are waiting for you to come to dinner." As her brother leaped to his feet, she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

W. '06.

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In the annual report of Harvard University, p. 117, we see, "The stadium was designed as to its architectural features by Mr. George B. de Gersdorff; under the advice of Mr. McKim." Mr. de Gersdorff was graduated from the Latin School in 1884.

At the dinner of the Lincoln Club in Port-

land, Me., recently, Representative Ham, B. L. S., 1896, gave a brilliant and eloquent oration on "Lincoln and the United States."

Max Hartmann, B. L. S., '02, is secretary of the class of 1906 at Dartmouth.

We were very sorry to hear of the death of Henry T. Hooper, Dartmouth's famous centre,



Photo by G. E.

## S                    A                    V                    E                    D !

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We have all heard of the hero in the melodrama who is tied to the rails in the path of the oncoming train. He feels the agony in his soul as he thinks of his sweetheart left at the mercy of the villain. The events of his life pass in quick succession through his distracted mind, and just as the train is seen to dash around the curve he loses consciousness. Of course, the heroine appears about then, and cuts his bonds, dragging him to a place of safety

just as the iron steed, fuming and roaring, dashes by at about sixty miles an hour.

In this instance, however, the hero was of a different type. He felt sure he would be rescued, so he just snapped the onrushing fate in the act of drawing near, and so when he had been dragged to a place of safety he had some indisputable evidence of his terrible adventure. He has been so kind as to allow us to reproduce the picture here.



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## THE PRIZE DRILL

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MARCH 30 dawned bright and fair, a fine day for the drill, so that the cadets were allowed to display their finery on the march from the school to Mechanics Building. Upon their arrival, they found the galleries well filled and the spectators as enthusiastic as usual. The drill began sharply at two, when the first "pony" company marched upon the floor. From the start, the drilling was snappy and, in both Senior and Junior battalions, close; some said it was the closest drill they had ever seen. Among the Seniors there was a difference of only two points between the two successful companies and a difference of but half a point between the company getting second prize and that ranking third. The drill was not only very close, but the general average of drilling seemed higher than that of last year; there was more snap and precision in all the movements. Drum Major Fitzpatrick made an especially creditable exhibition, and the drum-corps fully repaid the time he has spent with it. This year four medals were given for honorable mention in individual drill. This is a new custom and deserves encouragement. The results of the individual drill were a surprise to many.

The usual interesting scenes went on in Machinery Hall. In spite of the hidden moral in Colonel Benyon's story of the squash pie, many boys were seen going to the lunch-counter for various indigestible dainties. The sight of several groups of officers having their pictures taken seemed of interest to some, who took it upon themselves to amuse the sufferers, and make them look pleasant. It was noticeable that many had forgotten their tickets, and Mr.

Fiske was kept busy for the first few minutes writing passes for such delinquents.

The judges of the drilling, upon the decision of whom the prizes were awarded, were Major Meredith and Lieutenant Warren of the Fifth Infantry, and Captain Rogers of the Ninth Infantry.

The prizes were awarded as follows:—

Company prizes:—A Company, first Senior prize; B Company, second Senior prize; F Company, Junior prize.

Individual prizes:—Sergeant Logan of C Company, first prize; Corporal Merrill of F Company, second prize; Sergeants O'Brien, Moffett, Connell, and Corporal Miles, honorable mention.

For drumming and bugling:—A. F. Jackson, prize for drumming; G. T. Hill, prize for bugling.

The salute to the colors and battalion parade made an imposing end to a successful day. This ceremony is always of delight to the spectators, and no more so than upon this occasion, when the rays of the setting sun fell aslant the long rows of cadets in their white ducks and blue blouses. The march back to the school was the usual triumphal procession. The day was wholly successful and reflects great credit on Colonel Benyon's instruction. Now begins the regimental drill and the preparation for Field Day. The weather will soon permit marching on the streets, in some ways the pleasantest part of the long year's drilling.

The new roster has not been made up at the time of this writing, but will be published in the April number of the REGISTER.

R. T. P., '05.

# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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MARCH, 1904

**D**URING the exercises in the hall on Washington's Birthday, three members of the school, dressed respectively as soldiers of the Roman, French, and American Republics, walked before the audience, each with a particular bearing, and each conveying to the onlooker a particular impression.

The Roman soldier, looking straight before him, without thought of the people about him; a being of another world and another sphere of ideas and ambitions, came first. Then came the French soldier, with bowed head and wrinkled brow, lost in thoughts of state, and steeped in far-reaching questions of war and empire. Last, and with cheerful countenance and upright bearing, came the soldier of the young republic, in sympathy with the people about him, and interested only in their well-being.

We wish we could quote *verbatim* the remarks of the Head Master on this occasion, but we shall give the substance of his remarks, with perhaps a few words in addition, hoping his ideas may not suffer in our hands.

What thoughts are brought to our minds when we contemplate the vast significance of all that these three represent. Rome, the Republic, governed at times, it is true, by the people;

swayed in her extensive undertakings by the neutralizing influence of fiery opinion and cool deliberation, yet in the end, working on and on towards the control of one great mind alone, when one should arise with sufficient power to overcome the firm and crafty opposition of the old *patres*. One did arise. Rome's power increased beyond the hopes of her most expectant statesmen. Rome was mistress of the entire world, both on land and on sea. Where the hand of Rome had once penetrated, there was her power firmly and cleverly implanted. At length the struggles which had been necessary for the building up of this mighty sway came to an end, and peace reigned over a united and supreme empire.

Yet all the time, imperceptibly at first, but gradually with open fierceness, internal disorder and private vice were eating at the foundations of the great structure. It shook, it almost fell, but righted itself once more, and then with a crash that so shook the world that it has hardly yet recovered, the whole ponderous mass fell, an absolute ruin, never to rise again.

France, the country which seems to have had more than its share of revolutions, tyrants, and external struggles, was the prey of the am-

bition of the single man. Rising from the lowest rank by personal effort, and winning brilliant battles and extensive campaigns by the use of a consummate military genius which has never been equalled, he gained the highest pinnacles of fame. The country he lifted with him was not advanced by years of patient endeavor to the position of mistress of Europe; she was dependent on the single genius of one man. When, at length, not entirely through his own fault, one of the intricate plans of this man failed, and he was dragged to the earth, there was shown how completely France was Napoleon; and the years since that fearful fall have not been sufficient to rebuild the ruins which he left.

Oppressed, ill-treated, the vigorous people of the colonies refused to submit to the crown. They rose up, all the world scornfully smiling, and freed themselves honorably and bravely. In that time of formation, when the fortunes of the young country were in the highly susceptible stage in which they could have been hurt forever by powerful evil influence, the right man appeared. He guided the steps of the young Republic in the way they should go, and they have followed that way ever since. In the rapid advance of our country, the early work of Washington has never been forgotten. In this country no gradual grasp of empire has been allowed to create a man of sufficient power to make himself sole ruler; no military genius has been able to take the country ahead of its own powers. Rome had no Washington; France had no Washington; fortunately, we *bad*.



The Prize Drill has again successfully passed. The captains can very justly pat themselves on the back for the good work their companies did; and we think that our instructor in drill was not given cause for disappointment.

During the course of the year we have heard

much criticism outside of school circles on the system of Military Drill. We expressed our sentiments on the subject in a previous editorial. As for the system of giving prizes for the highest excellence it has been argued that the boys worked for the prizes alone, whereas the drill was intended to be a physical exercise. We can safely assert that the present results would not be obtained without some such method of friendly competition.

It is a mistake to say too much about the system commonly referred to as "pull." We hear fellows talking about this company or those individuals having so much "pull" that they must surely win a prize. Unless a person has a very definite amount of information on the subject it is a very unwise thing to talk about it. We have no doubt that the prizes are awarded with absolute fairness, and that the discretion of those in authority is eminently wiser than ours, though our favorites may seem to have been neglected.



In this free country, where every man can speak his mind freely, and no authority is too high to escape the displeasure, openly expressed, of the lowliest in the land, we look with some scorn on the times when the King could do no wrong, and a word from his Majesty was valued above great riches.

Sometimes, however, we think back upon those old times with much respect, and perhaps a tinge of sadness. While the people were independent, they had some one to whom they owed, and without question paid, absolute respect. Though the scandals and intricacies of the Court form the larger part of our history and narrative, there was still a fairer side to it all. There was an influence of refinement and gentlemanly bearing which went with bravery; there was a spirit of undying loyalty, and a blind and beautiful obedience to superior wisdom in those old days, which seems painfully

lacking now. The man in power is the first about whom the slightest evil is breathed ; the hero is soon brought into the limelight of public opinion in such a way that he longs to pass out of sight ; respect for the President of the United States is disgracefully absent. No matter what the political opinions of a person may be, he has no right to speak with disrespect of the man in the highest position of trust and honor in the greatest country in the world.



It is the fellow who doesn't get a prize who has the best chance to show what kind of man he is. It is easy for a prize-winner to sympathize with the loser, but it is exceedingly hard for a fellow who has worked faithfully for months and months towards a definite object, (and, indeed, deserved to get it in view of actual work done), gracefully and with absolute sincerity to congratulate the victor. We are happy to say that the losers in the Latin School battalions are *good* losers.

It is gratifying, after hard work, to reap reward therefor. A Boston paper has spoken very kindly of the REGISTER, and it is our hope that we may be able to keep the remaining numbers of the present volume up to a standard equal to that of the previous numbers, and, if possible, to improve along the lines in which we fully realize we have far to go to attain a satisfactory degree of excellence. Indeed, as the Latin School boys have heard said from the platform of the hall, "Dissatisfaction is the mother of improvement."



The months of early spring have a peculiar attraction for the student or casual observer of Nature. Then is it first possible to find large numbers of birds, after a winter of comparative scarcity, and then are the green things beginning to sprout forth. The footing is sometimes poor, but a person who is very anxious to observe, and enjoy the open air, will not mind a little thing like that. This has been a very late spring, but since it started, it has come on with a rush that has rarely been equalled.

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## MR. CLARK'S LECTURE

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**D**URING the period from eleven to twelve o'clock on Thursday, March 24, a few fortunate members of the school listened to an interesting lecture, given in the lantern-room, on track and field athletics. The lecturer was Mr. Ellery Clark, a member of the school committee, and himself a well-known amateur athlete. Mr. Clark illustrated his lecture with views of famous athletes doing their events, and called attention to the good and bad points of form in each. He told several amusing stories about the experiences he had had when he first entered the more difficult

events, and he touched slightly on the progress which track and field athletics had undergone during the last thirty or forty years. He laid special stress on the fact that science as well as brute force entered into athletics and that the popular conception of the athlete, as all muscle was essentially incorrect. He closed with a short account of the Olympic Games at Athens in 1896, in which he participated. The lecture was most instructive, and, as someone afterward said, Mr. Clark told just enough about himself to make it interesting.



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# T H E D U A L M E E T

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On Friday afternoon, February 19, Boston Latin and English High held their first athletic meet. The contest took place in the drill hall, and both galleries were packed with spectators. The blue and blue of High School was victorious by a score of 53 points to 33. However, far from feeling any chagrin at this result, the school should feel elated at the fine showing made by the track team, since practice had been going on for only one week.

E. H. S. had the better long-distance runners, making a clean sweep in the mile and the 1000-yard run, and taking first honors in the 600-yard run. The blue and blue was also superior in the field events, the running high jump, the pole vault, and the shot put. In the shorter sprints and in the hurdles, however, B. L. S. secured seventeen out of twenty-seven points.

For the finals of the 30-yard dash, the first event, six men qualified, two of B. L. S. The event was won by Weber, captain of our track team. The same athlete also captured the 300-yard run, and Atkins of the B. L. S. secured third place. In the mile run, Paul of B. L. S. was in the lead most of the time, and appeared sure of a place, but on the last few laps the E. H. S. men drew ahead, and Slack won, with Eames inches behind. There was a tie for first place in the high jump between Breen of B. L. S. and M. W. Burlingame of E. H. S. at 5 ft. 2 1-2 in., both men being unable to clear the bar in three trials when it was raised to 5 ft. 1 1-2 in. To settle who should receive the prize, each made one more trial, Burlingame going over handily. Burlingame also won the pole vault, and in an exhibition vault he cleared 8 ft. 6 in., breaking the school record of 8 ft. 4 in.

In the regimental relay race, our team covered itself with glory by a grand victory.

After the first two relays, E. H. S. was in the lead by two yards. Captain Weber, however, ran a game race against Newell, and reduced this lead to half a yard. In the last relay, Landesman darted ahead, and gained a considerable lead, but on the last laps, Ford slipped inside at the turn, and, sprinting hard up the stretch, came in a winner by two yards.

The meet was a success in every way, and will doubtless be the first of a long series of track contests. The stars of the meet were Weber, with 11 points, M. W. Burlingame, with 9, and Sherman with 6 1-2. The summary:

Thirty-yard dash—First heat, won by M. W. Burlingame, E. H. S.; second, Angell, E. H. S.; time, 3 4-5s. Second heat, won by Clark, E. H. S.; second, Ford, B. L. S.; time, 4 1-5s. Third heat, won by Moran, E. H. S.; second, Corbett, B. L. S.; time, 4s. Fourth heat, won by Weber, B. L. S.; second, Landesman, E. H. S.; time, 3 4-5s. Fifth heat, won by Sherman, E. H. S.; second, Newell, E. H. S.; time, 4s. First semi-final, won by Moran, E. H. S.; second, Ford, B. L. S.; third, Angell, E. H. S.; time, 4s. Second semi-final, won by Weber, B. L. S.; second, Sherman, E. H. S.; third, Landesman, E. H. S.; time, 4s. Final, won by Weber, B. L. S.; second, Sherman, E. H. S.; third, Landesman, E. H. S. Time—4s.

Three hundred-yard run—Won by Weber, B. L. S.; second, Sherman, E. H. S.; third, Atkins, B. L. S. Time—40 2-5s.

Six hundred-yard run—Won by O'Reilly, E. H. S.; second, Cowan, B. L. S.; third, Watz, E. H. S. Time—1m. 35s.

One thousand-yard run—Won by F. D. Stimpson, E. H. S.; second, J. A. Stimpson, E. H. S.; third, Taylor, E. H. S. Time—2m. 39s.

Mile run—Won by Slack, E. H. S.; second, Eames, E. H. S.; third, Sandford, E. H. S. Time—5m. 25s.

Thirty-yard low hurdles—First heat, won by Fisher, B. L. S.; second, Lowell, E. H. S.;

time, 4 1-5s. Second heat, won by Weber, B. L. S.; second, R. H. Burlingame, E. H. S.; time, 4 3-5s. Third heat, won by Moran, E. H. S.; second, Lythgoe, E. H. S.; time, 4 3-5s. Fourth heat, won by Corbett, B. L. S.; second, Temple, B. L. S.; time, 4 4-5s. Fifth heat, won by Marion, B. L. S.; second, Sherman, E. H. S.; time, 4 3-5s. First semi-final, won by Moran, E. H. S.; second, Corbett, B. L. S.; time, 4 3-5s. Second semi-final, won by Fisher, B. L. S.; second, R. H. Burlingame, E. H. S.; time, 4 4-5s. Third semi-final, won by Weber, B. L. S.; second, Marion, B. L. S.; time, 4 1-5s. Final, won by Fisher, B. L. S.; second, Moran, E. H. S.; third, Weber, B. L. S. Time—4s.

Regimental relay race, Boston Latin (Atkins, Morton, Weber, Ford) vs. English High (Sherman, Angell, Newell, Landesman)—Won by Boston Latin school. Time—2m. 33 2-5s.

Running high jump—First, tie between M. W. Burlingame, E. H. S., and Breen, B. L. S. (height, 5 ft. 2 1-2 in.); third, tie between Sherman and Boyle of E. H. S. (height, 5 ft. 1 1-2 in.)

Pole vault—Won by M. W. Burlingame, E. H. S. (height, 8 ft. 4 in.); second, Marion, B. L. S. (height, 8 ft. 2 in.); third, R. H. Burlingame, E. H. S. (height, 8 ft.)

Shot put—Won by Norton, E. H. S. (distance, 33 ft. 1 1-2 in.); second, Scanlon, E. H. S. (distance, 32 ft. 8 in.); third, Corbett, B. L. S. (distance, 20 ft. 7 in.)

#### TABLE OF POINTS

(Firsts count five, seconds, three, thirds, one).

	E. H. S.	B. L. S.
Thirty-yard dash.....	4	5
Three hundred-yard run.....	3	6
Six hundred-yard run.....	6	3
One thousand-yard run.....	9	0
One-mile run.....	9	0
Thirty-yard low hurdles.....	3	6
Running high jump.....	5	4
Pole vault.....	6	3
Shot put.....	8	1
Relay race.....	0	5
Totals.....	53	33

## B A S K E T - B A L L

### \* ENGLISH HIGH, 22

#### BOSTON LATIN, 9

Our five was defeated by English High in the drill hall on February 26. At the close of the first period the score stood 5 to 4 in favor of English High. In the second period, Norton started the scoring by throwing a neat basket, and E. H. S. tied the score by throwing a foul. Then Sullivan secured 3 points for B. L. S. on a basket and a foul. The score was then 9 to 6 in our favor, there was little time left, and the playing was fast and desperate. The blue and blue made a magnificent rally. Fountain threw a goal, and Nahaz and Munro a foul each, and then Ayer clinched the victory by shooting a basket from more than half way across the floor. The playing of all the men

was hard and fast, Fountain, Nahaz, and Ayer being the stars for E. H. S., and Sullivan and Shore for the purple and white. The summary:

E. H. S.	B. L. S.
Smith rf.....	lb Sullivan
Fountain lf.....	rb Kneeland
Ayer c.....	c Norton
Nahaz rb.....	lf Shore
Munro lb.....	rf Allen

Score: English High, 12; Boston Latin, 9. Goals from floor: Fountain, 2; Nahaz, Shore, Norton, Sullivan, Ayer. Goals from fouls: Sullivan, 3; Fountain, 2; Munro, Nahaz. Referee: Blake. Umpire: Mullen. Timers: Coolidge and Benson. Time: 2 20 minute periods.



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# Latin School Register 13

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BOSTON LATIN, 2nd, 9

ENGLISH HIGH, 2nd, 7

On the afternoon of February 8, our second team defeated English High, second, by a score of 9 to 7. The game was just as close and stubborn as the contest of the first teams. The score was 7 to 7 at the end of the second period, and it was agreed that the first points scored should settle the contest. Freeman won the game for B. L. S. by a timely basket. The summary :

B. L. S., 2nd	E. H. S., 2nd
O'Hare rf.....	lb Wheeler
Freeman lf.....	rb Gadis
Tobin c.....	c Sexton
Trainor rb.....	lf Duffy
Kennedy lb.....	rf Davis

Score : English High, 2nd, 7 ; Boston Latin 2nd, 9. Goals from floor : Tobin, 3 ; Gadis, 2 ; Freeman. Goals from foul : Gadis, 3 ; O'Hare. Referee : Blake. Timer : McGolderrick. Time : 2 15 minute halves.

ROXBURY HIGH, 13

BOSTON LATIN, 5

On Thursday, February 18, our five met defeat at the hands of Roxbury High by a score of 13 to 5. Latin School has improved since its first game with Roxbury, in which it was defeated 22 to 5. Sullivan and Brackett did the best work. The summary :

R. H. S.	B. L. S.
Packard rf.....	lb Kneeland
Brackett lf.....	rb (Shore) Desmond
Wanzer c.....	c Norton
Masseck rb.....	lf Sullivan
Cronin lb.....	rf O'Hare

Score : Roxbury High, 13 ; Boston Latin, 5. Goals from floor : Brackett, 2 ; Packard, Wanzer, Masseck, Sullivan. Goals from fouls : Masseck, 3 ; Sullivan, 3. Referee : Cullingworth. Timer : Stark. Time : 2 20 minute halves.

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## JIMMIE, THE SCORE-KEEPER

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THE school paper of the Westville High School purposed to publish detailed accounts of all the base-ball games to be played by its team. This was only part of a general plan throughout the school to stimulate more interest in base-ball. The team was a good one, but the sport lacked favor. So the leaders of the school put their heads together, and the result was an enthusiastic mass-meeting, in which several speeches were made, and great interest aroused. The editor of the *Clarion* was one of the speakers, and promised to devote more space to base-ball, and to publish detailed accounts of all the games, together with fielding and batting averages. He appointed Jimmie Cummings to the position of sporting editor, and Jimmie bought a score-book, and learned all about his job, and felt very important.

The first game Westville High School played went off in great shape, being well played, close, and a victory for Westville. Jimmie got the score all right, and wrote a good account of the game, which he had just time to get into the next issue of the *Clarion*. It was a huge success, and after that Jimmie went to all the games played.

When Westville High School got a game with Madbury High School, the manager decided, in view of the great distance to Madbury, and the corresponding expense for fares, to take only eleven men, counting himself and Jimmie. When they arrived at the grounds and began to limber up, it was discovered that Fairfax, one of the players, who had promised to join them at Madbury, hadn't appeared. But Fairfax wasn't the kind to desert in that way, and the captain felt sure he was only de-

layed. But just before it was time to begin, he received a telegram from Fairfax saying that he regretted that he had been injured, and couldn't play.

"Look here," remarked Baker, the captain, to the manager, waving the telegram.

"What's up?" asked Bradley.

Baker handed him the telegram, and he read its brief message:

"Awfully sorry, old chaps, badly hurt, can't play, wish success."

FAIRFAX.

"Fairfax is out a quarter, anyway," remarked Bradley. "I suppose we'll have to put Jimmie in. I can't play ball with this sprained ankle, and he's the only other Westville fellow here."

"But can he play?" asked Baker.

"Why, yes, we used to play together on a nine, and he was a pretty good infielder. He's been playing some this spring, too. Anyhow, he's better than nothing."

"So he is. Hey, Jimmie."

"You must play. Fairfax is hurt," said the captain.

"Aw, go on," said Jimmie, briefly. "I've got to get the score, man, not play."

"If you don't play, there won't be any game at all," argued Bradley. "So borrow a suit and get in some practice."

So poor Jimmie was hustled off to the dressing-room, shouting loudly about "Duty to the paper," and "Outrage."

At length the contest began. Jimmie, in a suit that didn't fit him, hovered around second in agony of spirit. How could he get the score of the game if he had to play? How could he do his duty to the *Clarion*? Jimmie felt very unhappy, indeed.

The first man up for Madbury hit a little grounder; one of that convenient kind that take great bounds, and come right into your hands. This one came at Jimmie, big as life, and lo! as Jimmie threw to first and got the man out, all his unhappiness vanished, and he began to

encourage the pitcher. The next Madburyite hit a grounder, a little bit nearer the short-stop. Jimmie covered second, and the short-stop threw to him, getting the first man out, and then Jimmie threw to first just in time to get the second man out. It was a pretty play, and drew a round of applause from the crowd.

Jimmie felt very proud as he took his seat on the players' bench, and discussed the game. This playing wasn't half bad, thought he. But he had no chance to hit that inning, and Westville scored no runs. So Jimmie hung round second another inning, and saw Madbury bunch three hits and a base on balls, and score two more runs. But after that, Westville's pitcher steadied down. Jimmie's first chance to show what kind of a batter he was came in that second inning. Connor, Westville's crack batter, got a hit, and then Jimmie walked up to the plate, fierce desire in his bones. Then Jimmie opined that he would make a home run. The very next ball pitched was a fine one, and Jimmie swung at it with might, and raced to first—only to find that the ball had gone to the pitcher, and that instead of making a five-base hit, he was out on an easy infield assist. Jimmie could have wept.

But what did he hear?

"Nice little sacrifice!"

Westville went after the necessary run in its half, and made it, with one man out.

Jimmie published no score of that game, but on the train coming home, amid the shrieks, cheers, and howls of his companions, was born the following stereotyped writing:

"Our team went down to Madbury last Saturday, and took the locals into camp to the tune of 4 to 3. It was a ten-inning affair, with a very exciting finish. The features were the timely hitting of Connor, and a one-handed catch by Brooks of Madbury, in the ninth. In the absence of Fairfax, due to injury, Cummings, the *Clarion's* score-keeper, played second base, and so was unable to keep a full score."

E. W. D., '04



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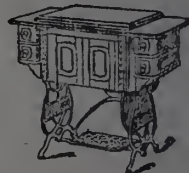
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